

OLDEST POTTERY OF ALL.

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES IN THE TOMB OF OSIRIS.

Eight Thousand Years Before Christ—Skele-
tons of Dwarfs Discovered—Consummate
Stone Cutters—A Compliment to the Press.

the discovery of the tomb of Osiris preserved in the story which will interest the general public, and it is this story which I wish to give to the readers of the *Figaro*, before reading at the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres the purely scientific report of the work which I have had the honor to direct.

During the year 1901 I formed the resolution to go to Abydos, the holy city of Osiris, to study and sketch the temple of Sati I., one of the most interesting monuments in Egypt, and one which, beyond a doubt, has revealed to us the most artistic marvels in the valley of the Nile. It was making the necessary reconnaissance to the site of the temple, Messrs. Sigmund Bardac, Comte Henri de la Bassettière, and the Marquis de Biron, had also conceived the idea of making some excavations in Egypt, particularly at the site of Abydos. They disclosed their project to Mr. J. De Morgan, who was then general director of the Egyptian antiquities, in order to get from him the necessary permit. The permit, limited to the site of Abydos, was granted, on condition that the works should be conducted by an Egyptologist, so that none of the documents might be lost. To science, Mr. De Morgan was good enough to think of me, and he gave me the work to be done. He proposed that I should take charge of it, and I was happy to accept an offer to realize my most cherished desire.

When I arrived alone at Abydos my first care was to look over the ground where I had to work, and to make a plan of the excavations. It did not take me long to perceive that the concession was something immense, and that I was to have a large field of work at the necropolis alone. I had an expanse of more than eight kilometres in length and more than four in width.

felt to make a wise choice at the first glance, and I was not disappointed. I had to admit the beauty of this immense sandy plain, bathed in waves of light, and extending to the horizon. I still could not resist the temptation to still guard it with a jealous eye, like a giant chieftain, lest some sacrilegious hand should touch the sacrilegious profanation. From time to time I noticed the dark silhouette of some enormous mound, which I knew I was passing by for unknown purposes or for a religion that has faded out forever. This same necropolis was flanked by the two hills of the famous illustrious Mariette, the founder of the Rouah Museum, who had been buried in the necropolis, and admitted shortly before his death that the excavations carried on at Abydos did not come up to his expectations. I was not to be disappointed in regard to them.

In the course of my wanderings in the thecopolis I remarked several places that appeared never to have been touched for centuries. I saw a hill of rubble that might, as I thought, conceal important tombs. I was particularly attracted by a hill of rubble that was composed of knolls formed entirely of broken pottery imbedded in the sands, which the wind had blown along on the surface. The height of these imbedded knolls varied from 10 to 20 centimeters. Millions and millions of pots made the painter, Georges, and I, and the photographer, M. de la Roche, must have assembled there for centuries and centuries to throw away their spoiled and broken vessels. I was not to be disappointed. I related to surprise anybody. Those hills, to which I gave the name of "Hills of the Pots," were, on the other, neither were they of the same dimensions. Separated by plateaus of different extent, some were 100 to 150 meters long and 10 to 20 meters wide, and some 140 metres long and 109 and, and from 7 to 8 metres in height.

As I was about to leave the hills, it would take

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have sent, to the servants of all countries who march and are the conservators of one of the greatest museums in Europe, who called me to the museum after the announcement of my discovery.

E. AMEISEAU.

Imperfectly Understood.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is unfortunate that some teachers of the young fail to adapt themselves to the perceptions of the modern child. The children are apt to shake out their heads, as it were, and the effect on the cherubs is anything but beneficial.

At a certain East End Sunday school some time ago the teacher talked to the infant class upon the evils of smoking. The children, some time ago the tot of a 4 and 5 listened attentively to a long tirade against the rum demon. Finally the teacher said:

"Wine is a mocker!"

The children pricked up their ears at the teacher's words.

"Wine is a mocker," she cried again, like one of the prophecies of the Old Testament.

The children looked very grave indeed.

"Wine is a mocker," cried the teacher for the third time, and then she drew out and wrote the sentence in big letters on the blackboard.

"Now, children," she exclaimed, as she wiped the board, "would you tell me what wine is."

The little ones looked about variantly.

"Wine is a mocker!" cried the teacher.

"Now what is wine / first little boy."

The first little boy looked thoughtful.

"Wine is—a marker," he drawled.

"No, no," said the teacher, "next little boy."

The next little boy looked thoughtful.

"Wine is—a marker," he ventured.

"No, no," adged the teacher. "Next little boy."

The third little boy smiled. He was a self-confident little boy.

"Wine is—a conker," he bravely announced.

And then the teacher gave it up.